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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES HAMMOND, Esq.
CONTAINING HIS
LOVE ELEGIES.

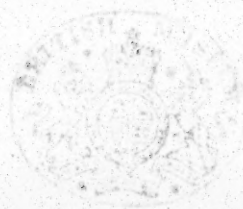
*Though weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their sighs;
Though near his tomb Sabea odours burn,
The loitering fragrance, will it reach the skies?
No, should his Delia votive wreaths prepare,
Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain:
Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care,
Once crown'd his pleasures, and dispell'd his pain.*

SHENSTONE, ELEG. II.



GLASGOW:
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LOVE ELEGIES.

"Virginibus puerisque canto."

ELEGY I.

On his falling in Love with Nera.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers gave,
In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain:
I saw Nera, and her instant slave,
Though born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame,
No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh, that to feel these killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,
Was fix'd a rock amidst the watry roar,
And in the vast Atlantic stood alone.

Adieu, ye muses, or my passion aid,
Why should I loiter by your idle spring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty Epic strain,
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere;
I only sing one cruel maid to gain,
Adieu, ye muses, if she will not hear.

No more in useless innocence I'll pine,
Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,

I'll tear it's honours from the broken shrine,
But chiefly thine, O Venus! will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on fordid gold her low desires:
Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
But love must act what avarice requires.

Unwise who first, the charm of nature lost,
With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy sheep;
Unwiser still who seas and mountains cross,
To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep:

These costly toys our silly fair surprise,
The shining follies cheat their feeble sight,
Their hearts secure in trifles, love despise,
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind,
And earthly thoughts beneath a heavenly face;
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear,
Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long,
Hence tears and sighs, and hence the peevish fair,
The froward lover—hence this angry song

ELEGY II.

*Unable to satisfy the covetous temper of Neera, he intends to
make a Campaign, and try, if possible, to forget her.*

ADIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound,
My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's sound.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile,
On spoil and war is bent this iron age:

Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
 Unfated vengeance and remorseless rage.

To purchase spoil, even love itself is sold,
 Her lover's heart is least Neæra's care,
 And I through war must seek detested gold,
 Not for myself, but for my venal fair:

That while she bends beneath the weight of dress,
 The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien;
 And art mistaken make her beauty less,
 While still it hides some graces better seen.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
 Hers be the wealth of Tagus' golden sand,
 Hers the bright gems that glow in India's soil,
 Hers the black sons of Afric's sultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend,
 For her be rifled ocean's pearly bed.
 But where, alas! would idle fancy tend,
 And soothe with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others, by the cold unloving maid,
 In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
 While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
 And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
 And hide in threats the weakness of my mind:
 In vain,—though reason fly the hated door,
 Yet Love, the coward Love, still lags behind.

ELEGY III.

*He upbraids and threatens the avarice of Neæra, and
 resolves to quit her.*

SHOULD Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,
 And golden torrents stream from every part,

ELEGY V.

The lover is at first introduced speaking to his Servant, he afterwards addresses himself to his Mistress, and at last there is a supposed Interview betwixt them.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy master's care,
Till creeping slumber soothe his troubled breast,
Let not a whisper stir the silent air,
If hapless love a while consent to rest.

Untoward guards beset my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks th' imprison'd fair conceal,
May lightnings blast whom love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel.

Ah! gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge or thefts betray,
So all my curses far from thee shall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flowery wreathes I gave
When first I told thee of my bold desires,
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful slave,
Venus will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youth who see not where they tread,
She shows the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way,
Sacred he wanders through the pathless night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind, and heaving rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground;

If all the hardships I for love sustain,
With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd :

With sudden step let none our bliss surprise,
Or check the freedom of secure delight——
Rash man, beware, and shut thy curious eyes,
Lest angry Venus snatch their guilty sight.

But shouldst thou see, th' important secret hide,
Though question'd by the powers of earth and heav'n,
The prating tongue shall love's revenge abide,
Still sue for grace, and never be forgiven.

A wizard dame, the lover's ancient friend,
With magic charms has deafn'd thy husband's ear,
At her command I saw the stars descend,
And winged lightnings stop the mid career.

I saw her stamp, and cleave the solid ground,
While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam;
I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
Till, fear'd at day, they sought their dreary home.

At her command the vigorous summer pines,
And wintry clouds obscure the hopeful year;
At her strong bidding, gloomy winter shines,
And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms, which I on thee bestow,
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
For me they make a husband nothing know,
For me, and only me, they make him blind :

But what did most this faithful heart surprise,
She boasted that her skill could set it free :
This faithful heart she boasted freedom flies ;
How could it venture to abandon thee ?

ELEGY VI.

*He adjures Delia to pity him, by their Friendship with
Cælia, who was lately dead.*

THOUSANDS would seek the lasting peace of death,
And in that harbour shun the storm of care,
Officious hope still holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them still,—To-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain,
But can I listen to her siren song, [chain,
Who seven slow months have dragg'd my painful
So long thy lover, and despis'd so long?

By all the joys thy dearest Cælia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn;
So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn.

To her I first avow'd my timorous flame,
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue,
She still would pity what the wife might blame,
And feel for weakness which she never knew:

Ah, do not grieve the dear lamented shade,
That hovering round us all my sufferings hears,
She is my saint; to her my prayers are made,
With oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears:

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely sitting by the silent stone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire,
The marble image seems to hear my moan:

The friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
And stand before thee all in virgin white;
That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night.

Cease, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
Though much thou suffer, to thyself complain:
Ah, to recal the sad remembrance spare,
One tear from her, is more than all thy pain.

ELEGY VII.

*On Delia's being in the Country, where he supposes she
stays to see the Harvest.*

Now Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that still in town remain,
Venus herself attends on Delia there,
And Cupid sports amid the sylvan train.

Oh, with what joy, my Delia to behold!
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the slow plough-share through the stubborn
mold,

And patient goad the loitering ox along:

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand;
The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
Like me subdu'd to love's supreme command.

No healing herbs could soothe their master's pain,
The art of physic lost, and useless lay,
To Peneus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray:

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His blushing sister saw him pace along;
Oft would his voice the silent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the crested Python slain?

Where are his Delphi? his delightful isle?
The god himself is grown a cottage swain.

O Ceres! in your golden fields no more,
With harvest's chearful pomp my fair detain,—
Think what for lost Proserpina you bore,
And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

Our wiser fathers left their fields unfown,
Their food was acorns, love their sole employ,
They met, they lik'd, they stay'd but till alone,
And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy.

No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire,
Thrice happy times!—But oh, I fondly rave!
Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inspire
I'll do.—I'll plough, or dig, as Delia's slave.

ELEGY VIII.

He despairs that he shall ever possess Delia.

Al, what avails thy lover's pious care?
His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain,
Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain:

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
Then, old with love, insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
And, when I long have serv'd her, call her wife:

I only ask, of her I love possess,
To sink, o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose,

To strain her yielded beauties to my breast,
And kiss her wearied eye-lids till they close.

Attend, O Juno! with thy sober ear,
Attend, gay Venus, parent of desire;
This one fond wish, if you refuse to hear,
Oh, let me with this sigh of love expire!

ELEGY IX.

He has lost Delia.

HE who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man, but harder, in my mind,
The lover still, who dy'd not of despair:

With mean disguise let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art,
I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize,
While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.

Sad is my day, and sad my lingering night,
When, wrapt in silent grief, I weep alone,
Delia is lost, and all my past delight
Is now the source of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the shape that might have blest my arms?
Where are those hopes relentless late denies?

When spent with endless grief I die at last,
Delia may come, and see my poor remains,—

Oh, Delia! after such an absence past,
Canst thou still love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend,
With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
Then, slowly sinking by degrees expire?

To soothe the hovering soul, be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In sable weeds the golden vase to bear,
And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand!

Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,
And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year;
Give them the treasures of the farthest east,
And, what is still more precious, give thy tear,

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,
Let all the world thy hapless lover know,
No silent urn the noble passion hide,
But deeply graven thus my sufferings show:

Here lies a youth, borne down with love and care,
He could not long his Delia's loss abide,
Joy left his bosom with the parting fair,
And when he durst no longer hope, he dy'd.

ELEGY X.

On Delia's Birth-day.

THIS day, which saw my Delia's beauty rise,
Shall more than all our sacred days be blest,
The world enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By all our guarded sighs, and hid desires,
Oh, may our guiltless love be still the same!
I burn, and glory in the pleasing fires,
If Delia's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind;
But let her court in vain thy angry power,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O Venus! hear my righteous prayer,
Or bind the shepherdes, or loose the swain,
Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
And let them die together in thy chain:

What I demand, perhaps her heart desires,
But virgin fears her nicer tongue restrain;
The secret thought, which blushing love inspires,
The conscious eye can full as well explain.

ELEGY XI.

*Against Lovers going to War, in which he philosophically
prefers Love and Delia to the more serious Vanities of the
World.*

THE man who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encountering nations feel,
And death grew stronger by his fatal art:

Yet not from steel debate and battle rose,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the strife.

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear,
Perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
Ere for my absence Delia lose a tear:

Why should the lover quit his pleasing home,
In search of danger on some foreign ground;

Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And risk in every stroke a double wound?

Al! better far, beneath the spreading shade,
With chearful friends to drain the sprightly bowl,
To sing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the sweet idea feast my soul:

Then full of love to all her charms retire,
And fold her blushing to my eager breast,
Till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire,
Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest.

ELEGY XII.

To Delia.

No second love shall e'er my heart surprise,
This solemn league did first our passion bind:
Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can soothe his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me,
Displease all others, and secure my rest,
No need of envy,—let me happy be,
I little care that others know me blest.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
Where never human footstep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life, all darkness canst expel,
And seem a world with solitude around.

I say too much—my headless words restore,
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour;
Thou know'st thy strength, and thence insulting
more,

Will make me feel the weight of all thy power:

Whate'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,
Nor fly the burden I am form'd to bear,

In chains I'll sit me down at Venus' fane,
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my prayer.

ELEGY XIII.

*He imagines himself married to Delia, and that content with
each other, they are retired into the Country.*

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my chearful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with it's master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide it's thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast?
Or, lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest?

Or, if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop, and gaze on Delia as I go?

To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know ?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown ;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man, who thus of her possessest,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind !

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own ;
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wisdom as in wit divine,
May rise, and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
With steady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly sense the deep attention draws.

Let Stanhope speak his listening country's wrongs,
My humble voice shall please the partial maid ;
For her alone I pen my tender song,
Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend,
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock ;

For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock:

cream, Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep;

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true-delight;
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can the gentle breast the thought withstand.

ng, Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still:

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part:

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate.

ELEGY XIV.

To Delia.

WHAT scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
 In some lone spot with peace and thee retir'd!
 Though reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,
 I still believ'd what flattering love inspir'd:

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled,
 mind,

To dangerous bliss no longer to pretend,
 In books a calm, but fix'd content to find,
 Safe joys, that on ourselves alone depend:

With them the gentle moments I beguile,
 In learned ease, and elegant delight;
 Compare the beauties of each different style,
 Each various ray of wit's diffusive light:

Now mark the strength of Milton's sacred lines,
 Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
 Where all the glory of the Godhead shines,
 And earliest innocence enchants the heart.

Now, fir'd by Pope and virtue, leave the age
 In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
 And trace the author through his moral page,
 Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
 And reason fix it's empire o'er my heart,
 My patriot breast a noble warmth shall feel,
 And glow with love, where weakness has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttleton, shall be my guide,
 It's fire shall warm me, and it's worth improve;
 Thy heart above all envy, and all pride,
 Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And you, O West, with her your partner dear,
Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,
With learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer,
Glad to escape from love to such a friend.

But why, so long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah, still I love, in pride and reason's spite,
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
And while I threat, this elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

To Mr. George Grenville.

Oh, form'd alike to serve us, and to please;
Polite with honesty, and learn'd with ease;
With heart to act, with genius to retire;
Open yet wise; though gentle, full of fire;
With thee I scorn the low constraint of art,
Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart;
Hear then from what my long despair arose,
The faithful story of a lover's woes.
When, in a sober melancholy hour,
Reduc'd by sickness under reason's power,
I view'd my state, too little weigh'd before,
And love himself could flatter me no more,
My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
But whom my passion hurt, through friendship leave;
I chose the coldest words my heart to hide,
And cure her sex's weakness through it's pride:
The prudence which I taught, I ill pursu'd,
The charm my reason broke, my heart renew'd:
Again submissive to her feet I came,
And prov'd too well my passion by my shame;

While she, secure in coldness, or disdain,
 Forgot my love, or triumph'd in it's pain,
 Began with higher views her thoughts to raise,
 And scorn'd the humble poet of her praise:
 She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
 And strengthen'd by her faith each groundless tale,
 Believ'd the grossest arts that malice try'd,
 Nor once in thought was on her lover's side:
 Oh, where were then the scenes of fancied life?
 Oh, where the friend, the mistress, and the wife?
 Her years of promis'd love were quickly past,
 Not two revolving moons could see them last.—
 To Stow's delightful scenes I now repair,
 In Cobham's smile to lose the gloom of care!
 Nor fear that he my weakness should despise,
 In nature learned, and humanely wise:
 There Pitt, in manners soft, in friendship warm,
 With mild advice my listening grief shall charm,
 With sense to counsel, and with wit to please,
 A Roman's virtue with a courtier's ease.
 Nor you, my friend, whose heart is still at rest,
 Contemn the human weakness of my breast;
 Reason may chide the faults she cannot cure,
 And pains, which long we scorn'd, we oft endure;
 Though wiser cares employ your studious mind,
 Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,
 Your breast may lose the calm it long has known,
 And learn my woes to pity, by it's own.



ELEGY XVI.

To Miss Daffwood.

O SAY, thou dear possessor of my breast,
 Where's now my boasted liberty and rest!
 Where the gay moments which I once have known?
 O, where that heart I fondly thought my own!
 From place to place I solitary roam,
 Abroad uneasy, not content at home.
 I scorn the beauties common eyes adore;
 The more I view them, feel thy worth the more;
 Unmov'd I hear them speak, or see them fair,
 And only think on thee, who art not there.
 In vain would books their formal succour lend,
 Nor wit nor wisdom can relieve their friend;
 Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
 And wisdom shows the ill without the cure.
 When from thy sight I waste the tedious day,
 A thousand schemes I form, and things to say;
 But when thy presence gives the time I seek,
 My heart's so full, I wish, but cannot speak.

And could I speak with eloquence and ease,
 Till now not studious of the art to please,
 Could I, at woman who so oft exclaim,
 Expose (nor blush) thy triumph and my shame,
 Abjure those maxims I so lately priz'd,
 And court that sex I foolishly despis'd,
 Own thou hast soften'd my obdurate mind,
 And thus reveng'd the wrongs of womankind;
 Lost were my words, and fruitless all my pains,
 In vain to tell thee, all I write in vain;
 My humble sighs shall only reach thy ears,
 And all my eloquence shall be my tears.

And now (for more I never must pretend)
 Hear me not as thy lover, but thy friend;
 'Thousands will fain thy little heart ensnare,
 For without danger none like thee are fair;
 But wisely choose who best deserves thy flame,
 So shall the choice itself become thy fame;
 Nor yet despise, though void of winning art,
 The plain and honest courtship of the heart:
 'The skilful tongue in love's persuasive lore,
 Though less it feels, will please and flatter more,
 And, meanly learned in that guilty trade,
 Can long abuse, a fond, unthinking maid.

And since their lips, so knowing to deceive,
 Thy unexperienc'd youth might soon believe;
 And since their tears, in false submission drest,
 Might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast;
 O! shut thine eyes to such deceitful wo:
 Caught by the beauty of thy outward show,
 Like me they do not love, whate'er they seem,
 Like me—with passion founded on esteem.



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